

VILLA IN HIS GLORY.

Picture of the Bandit When Things Were His Way.

We were awakened in Torreon by shouts of "Viva Villa!" and the music of a military band blaring snatches of syncopation a la Irving Berlin, interspersed with Spanish Fandango. The general's car was opposite ours on the next track. Charlie Chaplin couldn't have drawn a bigger crowd.

Long lines of cavalry were passing our windows. The men were mounted on horses that looked as if their ancestors were veterans of the cross-town car service. In their packs the men carried everything from kindling wood to babies.

Pancho Villa received us amid the click of typewriters in his office, an observation car. He wore a gray sweater that looked as if it might be the survivor of a hard football season. No tailor's iron had ever played tag with the creases in his trousers.

He spoke no English. His eyes were the eyes of a splendid animal, the pupils dilating and contracting constantly as do the pupils in the eyes of a panther. When he was introduced he said nothing for at least a minute. He looked through the back of your eyes, the leaping flames in his own blazing black eyes seeming to test the metal of your mind.

He told us he never drank liquor—it was the sleeping sickness of a man's soul. He wanted to liberate the poor peon, he said, to drag him from between the millstones where he was being ground in abject slavery by the hands of wealth and power. He had no education. He could write his own name, but if you stopped him in the middle of it he had to begin all over again. Would we like to see his bathroom?

Now this bathroom was the particular pride and pet of the man who might have conquered Mexico. It was one of the half dozen bathrooms in captivity in the entire country, if observation and persistent search count for anything. We said we'd have to be shown.

So we were led through several cars comprising the general's suite, to a box car in the rear of the train. One-half of this car was partitioned off into a sort of ante-room to the bath.

The piece de resistance of this lounge was a brass bed such as finds favor in the more ornate of the Harlem flats. Over it was spread a piece of fringed yellow and silver satin brocade, a peon in loveliness. Scattered over the brocade were a number of hand embroidered slumber pillows with edgings and insertions of real lace. Nothing like the old bandit days in the mountains with a gun for a pillow, this. "For my siesta," explained Gen. Villa, indicating the brocade.

It seems that right after the big boss had his bath, which was in the middle of the day, it was his wont to stretch himself out for a snack of sleep. It really is a most worthy custom, the siesta, one we leave too long overlooked.

The other half of the car boasted a white porcelain tub, a shower and hot and cold water. Gen. Villa turned on the faucets himself and made us feel the water to prove he wasn't romancing. Across the end of the car was a pianola. The pianola is not considered a bathroom requisite, even in the most modern metropolitan apartment, but the general had his own ideas about fixtures.

"I borrowed three of them," he explained, waving his hand toward the mahogany masterpiece. "I kept the best one and gave the two others away."

Here allow me to explain the significance of the word "borrow" as here used. When there is a battle in Mexico the victors go into the town and grab anything they want. Of course the general gets the pick of the plunder, the men taking what is left in order of their rank. This is called "borrowing."

From Torreon to Monterey we traveled mostly on the floor of the cars to avoid collision with any Caranza bullets that might wander Paredon three of the men of the par through the car windows. From ty went to Saltillo to a governor's banquet. They spent an entire day, paging neckties for themselves, finally ferreting out three of the ready made kind that had been left over from a Christmas lot in Chicago.

The governor had borrowed a swell palace for himself, but the three found they were all out of order. They had the only neckties at the table. The governor had been a fireman on the railroad a few months before and did not go in for the fine sartorial effects. It was cold and every one ate with his overcoat and hat on. The governor complained because the food was a little slow in coming. He sent for the chef. For half an hour he sputtered at him.

"De gov'ner sez if youse'll keep on your shirts youse'll have a bear of a feed," explained the chef at last. He was a Brooklyn hick.

along one side of the room and watched the men making merry at the table. When the orchestra played a dance the men chose their partners, went to them, stuck out their arms, paraded once around the room and danced around once more. Then they led the women back to their chairs and checked them. The women never said a word. I hope some of the suffragists will see this.

Gen. Raoul Madero entertained us at the governor's palace in Monterey. They were selling water in the city by the carat. The day we left Gen. Madero went to the front at the head of 10,000 Villa troops.

On the way back we went through the Villa outposts. The official Mrs. Villa, called Luz, gave a luncheon for us at her house in Chihuahua city. It was a large, square, high ceilinged house with an inner court. The general "borrowed" it from some exiled enemy.

We strolled up the front walk between gun racks holding two dozen rifles ready for action and manned by as many of the general's personal bodyguard. The first thing that greeted us inside the door was a life size picture of the lord and master of the domicile. It was Mrs. Villa's favorite picture of her war lord.

The official Mrs. Villa greeted us cordially. She is a plain, mild mannered woman with black hair and blue eyes. A crowd of beggars swarmed in front of the house. She sent a soldier out to them to distribute alms. A poor wretched, hobbling hulk of a man in a soldier's uniform with a Villa button on his coat she had escorted to the cool shade of the veranda, where he could rest while the servants brought him food and drink. Her charities in the city were endless.

We waited in a pale blue and gold drawing room that might have been lifted from a French chateau, except for the artificial flowers scattered everywhere. Outside the garden was a wilderness of roses carpeted with pure violets, but they were spurned in favor of pink paper daisies and pale blue orchids.

"I met my general when I was a young girl in the mountains," said our hostess with a smile. "He is a great warrior. He is the savior of his country."

From a member of the household we heard that the general had met her in the little mountain village of San Andreas when he was a bandit, that he had taken her to a dance and he afterward carried her away behind him on his horse. Be that as it may, she is one of the most ardent and loyal supporters. She wore black and many jewels of all colors in heavy gold settings. These too were undoubtedly "borrowed;" a platinum and diamond wrist watch clasped around her wrist looked as if it had just left Tiffany's. Somebody had made an unwilling loan.

The conspicuous person at the luncheon was little Elias, a tike of a boy given to the general and his wife along with an automobile, some horses, a lot of bric-a-brac and other plunder. Elias was the czar of the Villa household. He reached about to your knee and his eyes looked like two black beads set in a fine case of summer tan. He wore a uniform that was an exact reproduction of the Villa dress uniform and when you met him he clicked his tiny boots together and saluted exactly like a toy automaton soldier. At table he ate interminable bananas, pounding on the table in high rage when the attendant was slow in executing his orders.

At a table adjoining sat four of the sixteen boys Gen. Villa was educating in a military school near Los Angeles. They were home for a vacation and Mrs. Villa was mothering them. They were devoted to her and Elias, anticipating their every wish.

Later we went in a "borrowed" automobile, a stunning big Pierce-Arrow of the latest design, to the new villa the general was building on the first piece of land he ever owned in Mexico. It was in the outskirts of one of the poorest sections of Chihuahua, surrounded by the adobe huts of peons. He called it Villa Luz after his wife. It was made up of fifty odd rooms, with stables for his favorite horses, garages, school rooms and secret stairways. On the roof 500 soldiers could be accommodated.

Nothing was left to the imagination in the way of decoration. If there was a pansy painted on the wall it was the size of a dinner plate. I have heard that the enemy has "borrowed" Villa Luz and is using it to stable horses. Its chateau and little Elias are exiles in Havana, where the general sent them with his brother for safe keeping. Before she occupied Villa Luz, the reverses of the bandit leader had begun. Never have I received more lavish hospitality than in the home of Pancho Villa.

Leaving Chihuahua we passed a troop of machine gun men. The guns were mounted on mules. Sammy almost wept at sight of them and would have deserted but we feared the worst and locked him in a state-

SLANG IN SHAKESPEARE.

Several Modern Phrases Had Distinguished Origin.

"Good night," a terse ejaculation that has taken ranking position among the slang of the day, had its sources in no less authority than Will Shakespeare. It took a Hamilton college student to discover that the magic words were frequently used in Shakespeare's plays and with as much variety of meaning as we have been giving to them.

"The idea that 'Goodnight' has the mark of modernity," declares this student, "is a sad mistake. In act 1, scene 3, of the first part of 'King Henry IV.,' Worcester says he will disclose a matter of Hotspur which is as full of peril 'as to o'er walk a current roaring loud on the unsteadfast footing of a spear.' To which Hotspur replies: 'If he fall in, good night!'"

Many other bits of modern vernacular are from Shakespeare, the student says; among them "Go to it!" "You cheese!" "I am for you," "dead drunk," and plenty of others. And regarding that very favorite phrase, "Beat it," the student says this: "Every one from an ex-president to a newsboy has made use of these two words. Yet in act 2, scene 1, of the 'Comedy of Errors,' 'Luciana exclaims, 'Fie! Beat it hence!' "After these quotations," he continues, "we are sure that Shakespeare was an old fogey or we are to think by stumbling on the Shakespearean exclamation 'Bully' that it was the immortal Teddy and not Bacon who wrote the plays."—Hartford Courant.

The Multiplying Medics.

One little doctor
Looks you through and through,
Can't diagnose your case.
Then there are two.

Two little doctors,
Failing to agree,
Call a consultation.
Then there are three.

Three little doctors,
Poke you o'er and o'er,
Send for a specialist.
Then there are four.

Four little doctors,
Wonder you're alive,
Another brings a stomach pump.
Then there are five.

Five little doctors,
Trying fancy tricks,
Order in an alienist.
Then there are six.

Six little doctors,
Preparing you for Heaven,
In comes a D. D.
Then there are seven.

Seven little doctors
Decide to operate,
Call in a surgeon.
Then there are eight.

Eight little doctors
Think it's in your spine,
Ask for a neurologist.
Then there are nine.

Nine little doctors,
All of them are men,
Send for Mary Walker.
Then there are ten.

Ten little doctors,
Standing by your bed,
Come to a decision.
Find that you are dead.

—Kenneth MacGowan, in Collier's Weekly.

A Baker's Horse.

Some time ago, when Sir Aan Hamilton was reviewing a certain corps, a laughable incident occurred. One of the officers was mounted on a horse that had previously belonged to a baker. A wit in the crowd, who was aware of this fact, shouted out "Baker!" and immediately the horse stopped dead and nothing the officer could do would make it budge. Things were beginning to look serious when suddenly the rider was struck with a brilliant idea.

"Not today, thank you!" he shouted, and at once the noble animal moved on, to the intense relief of every one concerned.—Tit-Bits.

Not Bacon After All.

Chicago, May 2.—Judge Richard S. Tuthill in the circuit court today set aside his recent decision in the Selig-Fabyan suit that Francis Bacon wrote the works generally attributed to Shakespeare.

room until we were out of the danger zone. Without his Spanish we might have been backed up against some convenient adobe wall and shot at sunrise. In fact if we called on the bandit chief today the chances would all be in favor of the adobe wall. His is a case of a powerful personality, a great dynamic force gone wrong.—Jane Dixon, in New York Sun.

FRANCIS F. CARROLL

Attorney-at-Law
Office Over Bamberg Banking Co.
GENERAL PRACTICE.
BAMBERG, S. C.

R. P. BELLINGER

ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office Over Bamberg Banking Co.
General Practice

J. F. Carter B. D. Carter

CARTER & CARTER
Attorneys-at-Law
GENERAL PRACTICE
BAMBERG, S. C.

E. H. HENDERSON

Attorney-at-Law
BAMBERG, S. C.
General Practice. Loans Negotiated.

LIFE, FIRE, LIVESTOCK
HEALTH and ACCIDENT
INSURANCE

Agent for Superior Monument Co
Can Save you Money on Tombstones.

W. MAX WALKER

EHRHARDT, S. C.
J. A. Klein Mrs. J. A. Klein
Teachers of Piano and Organ
Studio Over Herndon's Store
Duos and Quartets for Two Pianos
and the Proper Training of
Beginners a Specialty

A. B. UTSEY

LIFE INSURANCE
Old Line Companies
Represented
Bamberg, South Carolina

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's
The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless
chill Tonic is equally valuable as a
General Tonic because it contains the
well known tonic properties of QUININE
and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives
out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and
Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

C. W. RENTZ, JR.

Life, Health,
Accident and
Fire Insurance

All Reliable Companies

DR. J. M. LOVE

VETERINARY SURGEON.
Headquarters at Jones Bros' Stables
BAMBERG, S. C.
Will be at Dannelly's Stables,
Ehrhardt, every 2nd and 4th
Monday, and at Rizer's Stables,
Olar, every 2nd and 4th
Thursday

Stock Treated for all
Diseases.

Prices Reasonable.
Ring Bones, Spavins,
Floating Teeth, Club
Feet, Weak Eyes and
Heavy Horses a Speciality.

RUB OUT PAIN

with good oil liniment. That's
the surest way to stop them.
The best rubbing liniment is

MUSTANG
LINIMENT

Good for the Ailments of
Horses, Mules, Cattle, Etc.
Good for your own Aches,
Pains, Rheumatism, Sprains,
Cuts, Burns, Etc.
25c. 50c. \$1. At all Dealers.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary
Quinine and does not cause nervousness or
ringing in head. Remember the full name and
look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, 25c.

RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure your Rheumatism
Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps,
Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts and
Burns, Old Sores, Stings of Insects
Etc. Antiseptic Anodyne, used internally
and externally. Price 25c.

Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic,
GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, drives out
Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system.
A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.



Reliability

OUR absolute faith in the Maxwell car is due to two reasons:
First, we have known that the Maxwell Company uses nothing in the entire car but the very best that money can buy. We have known that the steel is scientifically heat treated, that the car is built under the supervision of able engineers, that every car is rigidly tested many times before it leaves the factory.

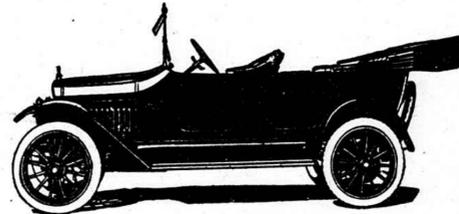
Second, we have known that the big and well established company behind the car is building for the future, that they value a satisfied owner above everything else.

Now that the Maxwell has set the World's Motor Non-Stop Mileage Record, by travelling continuously for 44 days and nights—averaging 500 miles per day—you will understand the benefits you personally may derive from the Maxwell policy. Did you ever hear of any car going 22,000 miles without once stopping the engine, without any repairs or readjustments, with only one gallon of gasoline to every 22 miles?

There is no reason why you shouldn't have a reliable, serviceable and economical Maxwell car. The first cost is low, the operating cost is low and our pay-as-you-ride plan makes the purchase easy for everyone.

Let us see you about this now, before our all-time record is exhausted.

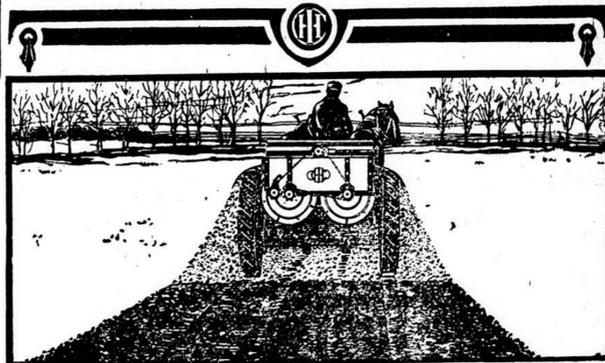
Touring Car, \$600. Roadster, \$635
Prices F. O. B. Detroit



G. D. RYAN

BAMBERG, S. C.

DISTRIBUTORS FOR



Drive It Into the Barn

AS we told you, a Low Cloverleaf gives the manure a double beating. It also spreads manure eight feet wide or better. But the wonderful thing is that it does this from a box only 45 inches wide. The spreader itself is so narrow that it can be driven into any modern barn and loaded from the gutters. Only one handling of the manure for the quickest, best job of spreading you ever did. How does that sound to you?

If you have even begun to think about buying a spreader, see this Low Cloverleaf. You will say you never saw a better manure spreader. It won't take long to look it over. Your dealer has one set up for you to see.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)

Low Cloverleaf spreaders are sold by

SMOAK & MOYE
BAMBERG, SOUTH CAROLINA